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LITERARY.

PARIS.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo,
Doctum imitatorein, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR.

Me voila à Paris ! said I to myself, rubbing my sleepless eyes, as I turned into Maurice's court yard, half deafened by the noise of the rue St. Honorè, and particularly by the cracking of postillions' whips, which, as shall be hereafter shown, is a custom and ceremony not without art, contrivance, and design, nor without meaning and utility, and which has even something national in it. Crick, crack, crick, crack, crick, crack—there they go, loud, dexterous, and self-sufficient. Well—we must pass over the jog-trot routine of a road, the getting over which greatly depends on the well paying of drivers, and on adding the *placebo* of civil words (always felt and returned with interest in France), occasionally aided by *la petite goutte*, or little drop of brandy, to enliven the spirits of those concerned. I was now once more in the great metropolis of France, in Paris the proud mistress of cities.

I was eclipsed in my entrance to the court-yard by a handsome travelling carriage with four post horses, preceded by a courier with a cuirasse of gold lace on his breast, and having two well dressed servants on the box. I was almost buried alive by the dust kicked up by this vehicle and the four worthies in it, and was kept a minute and a half in the streets whilst it turned into the yard: the party descended with no small importance; three of its members were habited alike, in brown hats, dark blue immense silk kerchiefs round their necks, single breasted morning frocks of the same colour, blue and white striped trousers and dust boots. The fourth was in full mourning, and evidently the mentor or humble friend of the trio, one of whom very cavalierly said, "Holmes! don't forget the books and maps," then slapping brother Green-horn on the shoulder, familiarly and freely, cried, "Here we are, my Buck, à Paris—damme! My Buck," (not one of

the first head) now yawned and stretched and by his bodily contortions set two or three French girls, who were looking out of the window in a roar of laughter; the other *triumvir* cocked his hat almost upon his nose, groom fashion, leaving the back of his head quite uncovered (there was *nothing* in that), and, applying a quizzing glass to his eye, began to talk most unintelligible French to what he called "*la Pucelle*," the chamber maid, then turning to young traveller, number one, he lisped out, "a decentish article, upon my *thoul*."

The landlord advanced, all obsequiousness, casting alternately an eye on the four originals and on their immense quantity of baggage, then shooting a glimpse at the ginger-bread *avant coureur*, who seemed to telegraph to the wary hotel keeper, these are real *milords Anglais*, men of weight, none of your passage birds; and lastly, contemplating the two servants, who gave a finishing to the picture. The man in black stood modestly the while in the back ground. "Well, landlord!" said the oldest and most impudent of the three, "let us all be lodged *comme il faut*, we have a d—d deal more baggage and some dogs coming after us, but you must make room for us all."—"To be sure, you shall be obeyed, we can *accommodate* you," was the answer.—"Ay," thought I, "and lighten you too, light though your upper story now may be."

All this time I waited in my humble second hand French two-wheeled post-chaise, in the rear of the more imposing equipage and its imposing contents. The landlord motioned one of his people to attend to me, saying in a loud voice, "these persons doubtless are the *suite* of these gentlemen" (*ces messieurs*). The trio all at once disowned me, and I felt not in the least hurt at the statement. Already had my valet taken out a very meagre portmanteau, containing six shirts and one change of clothes, which added to an author's portfolio, had nothing attractive to an hotel-keeper, but on a private signal, one of the waiters condescended to inform me that the hotel was full, offering at the same time, to get me a lodging in a neighbouring house. The fellow examined me attentively; I had travelled all night.

John and I looked equally dismal, unshorn and weary as we were; an old blue travelling cloak and cap, which had seen better days, with a book in my hand were unpromising symptoms; the baggage was, to use a French expression, "*léger comme un compliment*" (as light as a compliment); the winter of years which sat on my forehead bespoke caution and experience, sad enemies to the hotel-keeper's trade; my book announced my being a reading man, who was likely to take but a pint of ordinary wine at dinner, and to study away the afternoon; besides it might be written on finance, and I might be a cold calculating fellow; my domestic was neither "a handsome man" nor yet (*I hope*), "a gay deceiver;" the post-chaise might have been hired, nay, even if sold, it would scarcely pay for one extravagant dinner in this splendid hotel, such as a party of *bons vivans* could sit down to. The thing would not do at all, and I received my *congé* with a smile, for I understood it perfectly; Mr. Meurice, the landlord, who does not like to lose his Latin, (the phrase I allow is French), and who gives nothing for nothing (a fair exchange), but calculates the price of each bow and civility, finally, Mr. Meurice,

"*Qui miscuit utile dulci,*"

very properly, whilst he pays attention to the travellers, keeps a steady eye upon the baggage, and judges that heavy packages may contain plate and other valuables, whilst carriages and horses may be very conveniently exchanged for made dishes, sparkling champagne, expensive apartments, and a view of the finest part of Paris; such are his views and I believe it would be difficult to make him change them; he will change your notes for you as often as you please, but his *own* never; and, indeed, the worthy citizen has now got to a very high note and a very high tone, take him down who will. Nothing injured by odious comparisons, I retreated to my lodgings, drank an ocean of tea, changed my dress, got my vehicle housed, and myself brushed up, and, after a few turns in the Tuilleries and a look at Galignani's library, I joined the promiscuous circle at the foresaid Mr. Meurice's *table d'hôte*; but the three *would-be* exquisites and their humble companion were not content with such fare, they ordered a magnificent dinner at seven o'clock, and drank and broke about a dozen bottles of the most expensive wine—*Vivent les Anglais*!—At the same time one of the scullions was singing one of the many caricatures composed and set to music against the English. *Goddem, qu'il fait bon à Paris*; the bill of the play must have been set to some tune also.

My reader may now wish to hear something of the *milords Anglais*, and may sup-

pose that they were three youths of title, fortune or fashion, making a tour of the continent with their tutor—not at all;—these three young men were engaged in trade; the carriage, servants, and courier formed a joint concern, and a stock purse procured them: the *handicaps* also, enabled them to treat (or maltreat) a poor reduced gentleman of their acquaintance, whose knowledge of the world and of French might have been most useful to them, if they had felt inclined to follow either his example or his advice; but as some men buy books without the idea of reading them, so did these gay ones pay for a companion without profiting by his company; the brotherly dress of these *brother-quills* was a whim or fancy of the party, and their coming to Paris for a fortnight produced no advantage to themselves, and less to their country, unless its misrepresentation be deemed as such. What droves of these bled cattle, in the shape of pseudo elegants, frequent the French capital, and add their examples to the many which bring the old English character and gentleman into disrepute; customers like these, however, are welcome inmates at such an hotel as Meurice's; not an order from them but what produces a long article in the day-book; not an oath but is followed by a bill; not a ring of the bell which does not announce more to pay! A poor nobleman, or a calm observer of the world, will sit whole hours without noise, expence, or refreshment, but the *bells* of all sorts are put in motion by such "*n'entends pas*" gentry as these. "Don't look at the bill, old one," cried one of them to the poor gentleman one morning at breakfast, "only tell us the amount, damn the expence, one don't come abroad to save."—Glorious!—But it is time to dismiss *these subjects*; and even to part with the gentle landlord; we now shall return to the cracking of the postillion's whips.

The thundering cracks produced by the dexterous hands of French postillions are not merely for awakening the inn-keepers, or for advertising the post-house that the relay must turn out; this manœuvre is practised through every village, and in every situation where notoriety may be courted and won; it tells the plebeians that some one of consequence is on the road; it orders the common travellers to clear the way; it announces the respectability of the *voyageur*, and evinces, at the same time, the masterly hand of the driver; and, moreover, it is a stimulus to the horses driven; it attracts the pretty girls to the door, amongst whom, perchance, is also the post-boy's *chère amie*, with a smile on her countenance, and, sometimes, with the *petit verre* (the dram) in her hand: again, you may judge how the travellers pay by the spirited or languid

crack of the whip; in short, it is a little history of itself. In war, the trumpet and the drum, the din of arms and the ringing of harness are all powerful auxiliaries; even at courts and in processions, pursuivants, heralds, the bustle of precursors and the buzz of greatness set off the parties concerned wonderfully, and produce a powerful effect upon the passions. The national character of French is *la gloire et l'amour*, and in each it requires something *qui s'annonce* to carry the object in view: love has his heralds, war its imposing externals; why therefore should the travelling gentleman, or the *debonnaire* postillion, be denied his share of pomp and publicity on the main road of life? How refreshing to the weary traveller to behold windows flying open, women and children running to their doors, nay even to contemplate the envious curs (and there are many in life's journey), barking at the whirling wheel! how delightful to the French driver to exhibit at once his figure and his excellence in the way of galloping and cracking his whip, having always in view love and wine at each stage! It would be unjust to condemn this innocent sport, or to discontinue this useful habit; for whilst in all countries men are occasionally their own trumpeters, why should not the light and airy Gaul be his own announcer, and tell of self in any legitimate way possible? who will gainsay it?

CONTRAST BETWEEN BYRON AND MOORE.

[Ext. from Edin. Rev. 1823.]

We conceive, though these two celebrated writers in some measure divide the Poetical Public between them, that it is not the same Public whose favour they severally enjoy in the highest degree. They are both read and admired, no doubt, in the same extended circle of taste and fashion; but each is the favourite of a totally different set of readers. Thus a lover may pay the same outward attention to two different women; but he only means to flirt with the one, while the other is the mistress of his heart. The gay, the fair, the witty, the happy, idolize Mr. Moore's delightful Muse, on her pedestal of airy smiles or transient tears. Lord Byron's severer verse is enshrined in the breasts of those whose gaiety has been turned to gall, whose fair exterior has a canker within, whose mirth has received a rebuke as if it were folly, from whom happiness has fled like a dream! If we compute the odds upon the known chances of human life, his Lordship will bid fair to have as numerous a class of votaries as his more agreeable rival. We are not going to give a preference, but we beg leave to make a distinction on the present occasion. The poetry of Moore is es-

entially that of *Fancy*; the poetry of Byron that of *Passion*. If there is passion in the effusions of the one, the fancy by which it is expressed predominates over it: if fancy is called to the aid of the other, it is still subservient to the passion. Lord Byron's jests are downright earnest; Mr. Moore, when he is most serious, seems half in jest. The latter plays and trifles with his subject, caresses and grows enamoured of it: the former grasps it eagerly to his bosom, breathes death upon it, and turns from it with loathing or disgust! The fine aroma, that is exhaled from the flowers of poesy, every where lends its perfume to the verse of the Bard of Erin. The noble bard (less fortunate in his Muse) tries to extract poison from them. If Lord Byron flings his own views or feelings upon outward objects (jaundicing the sun,) Mr. Moore seems to exist in the delights, the virgin fancies of nature. He is free of the Rosicrucian society; and enjoys an ethereal existence among troops of sylphs and spirits, and in a perpetual vision of wings, flowers, rainbows, smiles, blushes, tears, and kisses. Every page of his works is a vignette, every line that he writes glows or sparkles; and it would seem (so some one said who knew him well and loved him much) 'as if his airy spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspirations, to regain that native source of light and heat.' The worst is, our author's mind is too vivid, too active, to suffer a moment's repose. We are cloyed with sweetness and dazzled with splendour. Every image must 'blush celestial rosy red, love's proper hue, —every syllable must breathe a sigh. A sentiment is lost in a simile—the simile is overloaded with an epithet. It is 'like morn risen on mid-noon.' No eventful story, no powerful contrast, no *moral*, none of the sordid details of human life (all is ethereal,) none of its sharp calamities, or, if they inevitably occur, his Muse throws a soft, glittering veil over them,

'Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.'

We do not believe Mr. Moore ever writes a line, that in itself would not pass for poetry, that is not at least a vivid or harmonious commonplace. Lord Byron writes whole pages of sullen crabbed prose, like a long dreary road that, however, leads to doleful shades or palaces of the blest. In short, Mr. Moore's Parnassus is a blooming Eden; Lord Byron's is a rugged wilderness of shame and sorrow. On the tree of knowledge of the first, you can see nothing but perpetual flowers and verdure; in the last, you see the naked stem and rough bark; but it heaves at intervals with inarticulate throes, and you hear the shrieks of a human voice within.

FATALISM.

There is a tide in the affairs of men. Taken at the summit, it leads on to fortune; but wo be to him who is caught in the strength of its ebbing current! In vain he struggles with the destiny that hurries him on. An accident, next to a miracle, may save him from utter and final destruction; he may not be engulfed at the moment when he gives up all for lost, and resigns himself to the unutterable agonies of despair; in his death-grasp he may catch some reed of momentary safety, and hope, which had fled, may return; but the illusion is fleeting and unreal; his doom is written, his destiny is sealed, his cup is mingled—and he must drain it to the dregs.

Call it by what name you will, there is a presiding influence which all men, in all their actions, and even in all their thoughts, obey. Unconscious of its existence in individual actions or volitions, we discover it plainly and undeniably in the general result; just as we determine the progress of the index of the chronometer, or of the shadow on the dial-plate. Every thing tends to confirm this view of human actions, and, by consequence, of human affairs. Things apparently the most anomalous, observe a general law; the proportion between the numbers of the sexes, for example. Is the mind of man an exception to a rule to which no other exception has yet been discovered? If it be material, as some would have us believe, then it must acknowledge the laws to which matter is subjected; if it be immaterial, which is negative, or spiritual, which, by the received usage of language, gives us an idea of something *different* from matter, then it must be under the influence of the laws peculiar to that *something* to which it belongs. But whatever acts according to a general rule or law, acts necessarily; in other words, its actions are so many effects of causes, which, whether known or unknown, must have an existence. Admit that we cannot determine the *nature* of those causes: what then? We cannot define in what gravitation consists, but who doubts its existence? We are in utter ignorance of the power which affects the magnet, as we are of the affinity which subsists between that power and electricity, galvanism, and light; but the affinity itself is matter of observation. It is just so with human actions and human affairs. There is only one course which they can take, and that course they pursue. Look to the career of Napoleon: examine the circumstances which contributed to his rise, and those which brought about and accelerated his fall. Being what he was, could he have acted otherwise than he did, or experienced a different fate?—he could not. Like Hannibal, he reached the highest pin-

nacle of military glory; like him, he tasted the bitterness of disaster and defeat; like him, also, he fell a victim to the inextinguishable hatred of an enemy, who, though victorious, trembled at the terrors of his name. That master-spirit, which so long held the world in awe, is now quenched; but he obeyed his destiny, and future ages will find that he has not lived in vain.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

The reader of the *modern dramas*, will have remarked with surprise, that they were most of them built upon moral paradox. He will remember to have heard from those same venerable men, who stood in the relation to him of parent, whether of the person or the mind, that *all vice* had a contagious influence; that any *single enormity*, long indulged, from the natural operation of our self-love, begot a specious sanction that satisfied the conscience; and by the extension of similar palliation to kindred crimes, the whole mind became irrecoverably tainted, and the *being* obnoxious and to be avoided. The *German* secret of interest tended to strengthen the self-delusion in actual life; it paid the 'flattering unction to the soul,' that any one vice might maintain its power in the most amiable minds; and exhibited the *robber*, and the *murderer*, as the most generous of the species. The sort of thing became popular, from the *passion* it set in motion, as well as the balm it infused into the festering wounds of memory. The most guarded had some imperfections, which they would fain hope to be venial; they were now systematically taught, that even *GOODNESS* might consist with errors far more criminal than their own. Thus sympathy usurped the place of censure, and a door was opened to that fatal fallacy, of making a *compromise* with morals, and setting the vices to which we were *not* inclined, as a sort of balance to those in which we were determined to indulge.

THE ESSAYIST.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

[Continued.]

THE wildest meanderings of the imagination, far from appearing extravagant, are here in their proper place, and spread a sort of indescribable charm over its varied measures; and the moment that the sober garb of reason is seen, the charm is broken, the strain of inspiration is no more. Indeed, a single glance at the lyric compositions of any age may suffice to convince us on that head. And when we consider, on the other hand, that the language of reason is the

same in every tongue, and in every nation, how widely distant soever they may be, alike intelligible to all; and that oftentimes it happens, that, from our ignorance of the manners and allusions of a nation, the beauty of their lyric poetry is entirely lost to us,—we cannot for a moment hesitate in the conclusion, that the Ode is truly the fruit of the imagination and of the passions.

"Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

There is something, too, by which the beauty of this species of poetry is doubly enhanced; I mean by the accompaniment of music. None but a native can tell—none but a native can feel, the effect of a wild plaintive Ode, sung to the music of his country. Necessity may compel a man to quit his home; habits, and associations, and connexions, the voice of interest, the calls of ambition, a galled spirit, or a broken heart, may bind him to a foreign shore;

"Or pining Love,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That only gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim visag'd, comfortless Despair!
And Sorrow's piercing dart!"

But there are moments when even these passions, mighty as they are, disappear, and are for a while blotted out from the book of recollection. If, in such a moment as this an Ode of his country should be poured on his ear, sung to its own wild native melody, his spirit will melt at the sound. His habits and manners may be changed,—his thoughts, his feelings, his ideas, may have become foreign,—his mind may be callous from ambition, or hardened from crime, or jaundiced from the bitter pang of treacherous friendship or unrequited love; yet his heart, seared though it may be, will still, at the sound of that thrilling melody, yearn after the land of his sires.

If an historian be aware generally of the pursuits and habits of a nation, there is nothing which can give him truer information concerning its particular spirit and character at the different stages of its existence, than a perusal of its lyric poems. From the songs of a nation may be gathered, with unvarying propriety, the exact pitch of refinement which it has reached. Nay when any extraordinary revolution has taken place, when a nation of slaves has become freemen, or a nation of freemen slaves, the same revolution also takes place in the Odes of that nation, which are but an echo of the spirit of the times. We can thus trace, in the diminished vigour and tameness of their Odes, the era when the freedom of the Spaniards was broken by the yoke of Austria. In the Odes of early France, we can mark the chivalrous knight-errantry which prevailed at one time, and

the spell-like religious devotion which bound them at another. In the spirit-stirring stanzas of the modern Greeks, we see a people, roused to the recollection of the deeds of their sires, claiming freedom as their just inheritance, and throwing off the shackles of ruthless despotism.

Innumerable examples, such as these, might be produced, and all would tend to convince us, that the prevailing spirit of a people, modified as it is by law, by liberty, or by oppression, is sure to break forth, and to give a peculiar turn to its odes. In the songs of the Scandinavians, for instance, we read the ferocity of their character; we see the thirsty savage revelling over the carcass of his fallen foe, draining the bloody draught from the skulls of the slain. In those of the Troubadours we can trace their wild romantic spirit of chivalry; we can mark the almost devotional respect with which their knights bent to the decrees of their fantastic courts of love, and the undaunted soul which upheld them in the mortal career for the fame of their "bright ladye love." In the soft canzonets of Petrarca, in the dulcet melody of his polished strain, we are let into the melancholy sweetness of the Italian character. And Gongora, with his majestic measurs, all thrilling as the wild-notes of his native guitar, shows us at once the noble, romantic, and impassioned Spaniard.

Were we to look a little further, and examine with attention the songs of Scotland, we should find a strong confirmation indeed of what has been advanced. In one or two of these short and simple songs, we should learn more of the character of the Scottish nation than a hundred cold pages of history could teach us. In them are to be found the peculiar feelings and manners of the country, its prejudices, its habits, its superstitions, and, above all, that determined soul of patriotism which so peculiarly characterizes our native land. The Spaniard may surpass them in a grandeur and a cultivation to which they pretend not,—the Persian in luxuriance of fancy,—the Troubadour in romantic sentiment,—the Italian in measured melody; yet, nevertheless, in them there is much to envy, much to admire. There is the undaunted spirit that spurns at slavery, that quails not at the thought of death,—the gay, light carol, that speaks a mind pure, chainless, and free,—the quenchless tenderness of love, in life and in death the same,—and the soft, wild note of melancholy, that robs us of a tear.

But perhaps I am wrong in speaking of these songs as worthy of a place in the annals of lyric poetry. It has now-a-days become the fashion to laugh at every thing connected with Scotland as low and vulgar; and the more-refined taste of modern times

has consigned to the vilest of the rabble these sacred monuments of old times. It was held by the ancients as the surest sign of a conquered nation, as the lowest pitch of degradation to which a country could fall, when it abandoned the language and the literature of its forefathers, to adopt those of another people. And so is it now with Caledonia; her manners and her customs are no more; her language has become a by-word and a reproach among her children; and her songs, replete with the feelings, and glowing with the genius of those that have long since gone by, are spurned under the feet of her degenerate off-spring. There are but few now left whose hearts still kindle into rapture at the sounds of Scottish melody.

[To be continued.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

REASON and instinct unite and blend together, to produce the intellectual system, and the various determinations of mental action. But the part that each bears in the generation of ideas, is very different in animals, whose grosser external senses allow instinct to predominate; and in man, in whom the perfection of these senses, and the art of signs, which perpetuate the transient thought, augment the power of reason, while they enfeeble instinct. It is easy to conceive, that the brain, assailed by a crowd of impressions from without, will regard less attentively, and therefore suffer to escape, the greater part of those that result from internal excitation. Instinct is more vigorous in savage man, and its relative perfection is his compensation for the advantages which superior reason brings to man in civilization. The moral and intellectual system of the individual, considered at different periods of life, owes more to internal sensation the less it is advanced; for, instinct declines as reason is strengthened and enlarged.

It is only, after laying down between the sources of our knowledge a very exact line of demarcation; after scrupulously distinguishing the rational from the instinctive determinations; acknowledging that age, sex, temperament, health, disease, climate, and habit, which modify our physical organization, must by a secondary effect, modify these last; that we can possibly understand the diversity of humours, of opinions, of characters, and of genius. He who has well appreciated the effect, on the judgment and reason, of the sensations that spring from the habitual state of the internal organs, sees easily the origin of those everlasting disputes on the distinction between the sensitive and the rational soul; why some phi-

losophers have believed man solicited forever by a good and evil genius, spirits which they have personified under the names of Oromazes and Arimanes, betwixt whom they imagined eternal war; the contest of the soul with the senses, of the spirit with the flesh, of the irascible with the intellectual principle, that contradiction which St. Paul laboured under, when he said in his Epistle to the Romans, that his members were in open war with his reason. These phenomena, which suggest the conception of a two-fold being (*Homo duplex*, Buffon,) are nothing but a necessary strife betwixt the determinations of instinct and the determinations of reason; between the oftentimes imperious wants of the organic nature, and the judgment which keeps them under, or deliberates on the means of satisfying them, without offending received ideas of fitness, of duty, of religion, &c.

A being, absolutely destitute of sensitive organs, would possess only existence of vegetation: if one sense were added, he would not yet possess understanding, because, as Condillac has shown, the impressions produced on this only sense, would not admit of comparison; it would all end in an inward feeling, a perception of existence, and he would believe the things which affected him to be a part of his being. The fundamental truth, so completely made out by modern metaphysicians, is found distinctly stated in the writings of Aristotle;* and there is room for surprise that that father of philosophy should have merely recognised it, without conforming to its doctrine: but still more that it should have been for so many ages disregarded by his successors. So absolutely is sensation the source of all our knowledge, that even the measure of understanding is according to the number and perfection of the organs of sense; and that by successively depriving them of the intelligent being, we should lower, at each step, his intellectual nature; whilst the addition of a new sense to those we now possess, might lead us to a multitude of unknown sensations and ideas, would disclose to us in the beings we are concerned with, a vast variety of new relations, and would greatly enlarge the sphere of our intelligence.

The impressions, produced on any organ, by the action of an outward body, does not constitute sensation; it is further requisite, that the impression be transmitted to the brain, that it be there *perceived*, that is, felt by that organ; the *sensation* then becomes *perception*, and this first modification supposes, as is apparent, a central organ, to which the impressions on the organs may be carried. The cerebral fibres are more or

* Nil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerit in sensu.

less disturbed by the sensations sent to them at once, from all the organs of sense; and we should acquire but confused notions of the bodies from which they proceed, if one stronger perception did not silence, as it were, the rest, and fix the *attention*. In this concentration of the soul upon a single object, the brain is feebly stirred by many sensations that leave no trace; it is thus, that after the attentive perusal of a book, we have lost the sensations that were produced by the different colour of the paper and the letters.

When a sensation is of short duration, our knowledge of it is so light, that soon there remains no remembrance of it. It is thus, that we do not perceive, every time we wink, we pass from light to darkness, and from darkness to light. If we fix our attention on this sensation, it affects us more permanently. After occupying one's self, for a given time, with a number of things, with but moderate attention to each; after reading, for instance, a novel, full of events, each of which in its turn has interested us, we finish it without being tired of it, and are surprised at the time it has taken up. It is because successive and light impressions have effaced one another, till we have forgotten all but the principal actions. Time ought then to appear to us to have passed rapidly; for, as Locke has well said, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, "We conceive the succession of times only to be that of our thoughts."

This faculty of occupying one's self long and exclusively with the same idea, of concentrating all the intellectual faculties on one object, of bestowing on the contemplation of it alone, a lively and well supported *attention* is found in greater or less strength in different minds: and some philosophers appear to have explained, very plausibly, the different capacity of different minds, the various degrees of instruction of which we are capable, by the degree of attention we are able to give to the objects of our studies.

Who, more than the man of genius, pauses on the examination of a single idea; considers it with more profound reflection, under more aspects and relations; bestows on it, in short, more entire attention?

Attention is to be considered as an act of the will, which keeps the organ to one sensation, or prepares it for that sensation, so as to receive it more deeply. To look, is to see with attention; to listen is to hear attentively: the smell, the taste, in the same way, are fixed upon an odour, or a flavour, so as to receive from them the fullest impressions. In all these cases, the sensation may be involuntary; but the attention by which it is heightened, is an act of the will. This distinction has already been well laid down with regard to the feeling, which is

only the touch exerted under the direction of the will.

According to the strength or faintness of the impression that a sensation, or an idea (which is but a sensation operated upon by the cerebral organ,) has produced on the fibres of that organ, will be the liveliness and permanence of the recollection. Thus we may have *reminiscence* of it, or recall faintly that we have been so affected; or *memory*, which is a representation of the object, with some of its characteristic attributes, as colour, bulk, &c.

Finally, if the brain is easy of excitation, and at the same time faithful in preserving the impressions it has received, it will possess the power of bringing up ideas with all their connected and collateral ideas; of reproducing them, in some sort, by recalling the entire object, whilst memory presents us with a few of its qualities only. This creative faculty is called *imagination*. If it sometimes produces monsters, it is that the brain, by its power of associating, connecting, combining ideas, reproduces them in an order not according to nature, gathers them under capricious associations, and gives occasion to many erroneous judgments.

The *affections* of the soul, or the passions, whether they come by the senses, or some disposition of the vital organs favour their birth and growth, may be ranged in two classes, according to their effects on the economy. Some heighten organic activity: such are joy, courage, hope, and love; whilst others slacken the motions of life; as fear, grief, and hatred. And others there are, that produce the two effects alternately or together. So ambition, anger, despair, pity, assuming, like the other passions, an infinite variety of shades, according to the intensity of their causes, individual constitution, sex, age, &c. at times increase, at times abate the vital action, and depress or exalt the power of the organs.

Of all knaves, your fools are the worst—because they rob you both of your time and temper.

It is not the force of friendship, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns so often exceed that admirable rule of the ancients, *usque ad aras*—"Carry not your friendships beyond the altar."

The ancients' manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by libations, not potations. Would it were the same among the moderns. Wine is often better spilt than drunk.

All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only animal that ever is frisky.

It is better to do the idlest thing in the world, than to sit idle for half an hour.

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE, AND POETRY.

CHRISTMAS MELODY.

'Tis the Day! the Holy Day! on which our Lord
was born, [thorn:
And sweetly doth the sun-beam gild the dew-besprinkled
And hymns float through the heavens, and the breezes
gently play.
And song and sunshine lovelily begin this Holy Day.

'Twas in a humble manger, a little lowly shed,
With cattle at his infant feet, and shepherds at his head,
The Saviour of this sinful world in innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings to him this Holy
Day.

He came to save the perishing, to waft the sighs to heav-
ven [en:
Of guilty men, who truly sought to weep and be forgiven;
An Intercessor still he shines, and man to him should
pray
At his Altar's feet for meekness upon this Holy Day.

As flowers still bloom fair again, though all their life
seems shed, [with the dead;
Thus we shall rise with life once more, tho' number'd
Then may our stations be near Him to whom we wor-
ship pay, [Day!"]
And praise, with heartfelt gratitude, upon this Holy

SONG OF EVIL SPIRITS AT THE EVE OF THE FLOOD.

'Rejoice!
The abhorred race
Which could not keep in Eden their high place,
But listened to the voice
Of knowledge without power,
Are nigh the hour
Of death?
Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor sorrow,
Nor years, nor heart break, nor time's sapping
motion,
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-morrow!
Earth shall be ocean!
And no breath,
Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot;
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave
Shall lift its point to save,
Or show the place where strong Despair hath died!
While a brief truce
Is made with Death, who shall forbear
The little remnant of the past creation,
To generate new nations for his use;
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation
Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking soil
Into a world, shall give again to Time
New beings—years—diseases—sorrow—crime
With all companionship of hate and toil.
Meantime still struggle in the mortal chain,
Till earth wax hoary:
War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven, in vain,
Until the clouds look gory
With the blood reeking from each battle plain;
New times, new climes, new arts, new men: but still
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill.
Shall be amongst your race in different forms;
But the same moral storms
Shall oversweep the future, as the waves
In a few hours the glorious Giant's graves.
Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice
Of growing ocean's gloomy swell:
The winds, too, plume their piercing wings!
The clouds have nearly filled their springs;
The fountains of the great deep shall be broken,
And heaven set wide her windows; while mankind
View, unacknowledged, each tremendous token—
Still, as they were from the beginning, blind.
We hear the sound they cannot hear,
The mustering thunders of the threatening sphere;
Yet a few hours their coming is delayed;
Their dashing banners, folded still on high,
Yet undisplay'd,
Sate to the Spirits' all-pervading eye.
Howl! howl! oh earth!
Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth:

Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink below
The ocean's overflow!
The wave shall break upon your cliffs; and shells
The little shells, of ocean's least things be
Deposed where now the eagle's offspring dwells—
How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless sea!
And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,
Unanswered, save by the encroaching swell:
While man shall long in vain for his broad wings,
The wings which could not save.

BRACE.

THE WINTER'S EVENING.

From the Greek.

The sun is sinking in the crimson west;
The clouds are rushing on their wild, wet wings;
The lightning, like an eagle from its nest,
In dazzling circles round the mountain springs;
The groaning forest in the whirlwind swings,
Strewing the marble cliffs with branches bare;
With cries of startled wolves the valley rings;
And when the sullen sounds of earth are o'er,
Ocean lifts up his voice and thunders on the shore.

Now close the portal!—'Tis the hour of hours!
Though ancient Winter lords it o'er the sky,
And the snow thickens on our leafless bowers,
For now the few we love on earth are nigh.
Lanthe! shall the livelong eve pass by
Without one song from that red lip of thine?
Come, fill the bowls, and heap the faggots high!
To birds and flowers let Summer's morning shine,
To nobler man alone the Winter eve's divine.

CROFT.

BALLAD OF CRESCENTIUS.

I look'd upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there,
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily,
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With fiercer pride than it waved now,
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh:
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graced with many dint that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sigh or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

L. E. L.

AMERICAN POETRY.

Leisure Hours at Sea. By a Midshipman of the U. S. Navy.

There is not a more estimable set of men perhaps in the world, than the officers of our navy. A high sense of honour, a liberal and manly spirit, and a demeanour alike modest and gentlemanly, characterize a great majority of them; and those whom we have had the pleasure of knowing personally, we have, with scarcely an exception, found intelligent and well-informed. The author of this volume shows, in several of his pieces, a poetical spirit, and a depth and delicacy of feeling that candid criticism cannot pass over without praise; while at the same time, there are inaccuracies and faults of style, and occasional marks of neglect and carelessness in suiting the ideas to the theme, which taste must condemn. There is considerable inequality in the pieces—some bear the marks of having been written before the author had had much practice in composition, and are distinguished by the faults of a young writer; there are some which might better have been omitted altogether, and there are others that are fine specimens of poetry. The following verses are well sustained from first to last, and are fraught with true poetical feeling; the 10th stanza is particularly fine.

LINES

Written on the Island of Elba.

The heart that feels as I have felt,
When forced from kindred hearts to sever,
The idol-home where youth has dwelt,
To leave—and leave, perchance, for ever;
Although no sigh may tell its woe,
Will throb with sorrow's deepest throes.
A father's burning hand I wrung;
I kiss'd a mother's pallid cheek;
But not a word escaped my tongue—
I felt too much—too much to speak!
That parting hour, that sad adieu,
Worlds would not tempt me to renew.
My foot is on a foreign strand—
But let me wander where I will,
I can't forget my native land;—
My heart is with my kindred still:

My dreams by night, my thoughts by day,
Are of the lov'd ones far away.

When Vesper lights her evening star,
And sighing zephyrs curl the waves,
Memory recalls the scene afar,
Where erst I follow'd to their graves,
With bursting heart, and burning eye,
Two sisters, early doom'd to die!

I think of years too idly wasted,
When Learning call'd me to her bowers;
But ah, the circean cup I tasted
Madden'd my brain, enerv'd my powers;
And Learning's call was disobey'd—
I sought for pleasure, found—a shade.*

I think of her whose heart of truth
Is crumbling now to kindred clay;
Eliza, torn in sinless youth
From me, and from the world away;
Upon those lips, my lips have prest,
The festering worm is coil'd to rest.

The eye that beam'd when'er we met, [ken,
The cheek that blush'd when love was spo-
The voice that bade me not forget—
Forget thee! no! my heart is broken;
But mid the ruins of that heart,
While yet it throbs—there, there thou art!

Thine eye is quench'd thy cheek is cold,
And in a far, far grave thou'rt sleeping;
Yet oft, in fancy, I behold,
And o'er that timeless grave lie weeping:
In vain I strive this grief to hush—
The burning tears but faster gush.

I've left my land—I've left thy grave;
All that I love in life or death:
Why am I o'er the heaving wave?
What seek I here?—Fame's fleeting breath!
Oh! what is glory but a name!
This Isle might teach how poor is Fame—

The prison-isle of him whose glance
Sent awe throughout the world around;
Who o'er the brow of fallen France
A sun-bright wreath of glory bound,
A coronal of crowns—each gem
Some conquer'd nation's diadem!

Come hither, peasant! tell me, where
Is he who dwelt in yonder vale?
"Signor, I neither know nor care; [tale,
"He came—he's gone: though short the
"Tis all I have to tell"—He came—
He's gone! oh yes! this, this is fame!

The following is not the less praiseworthy for terminating with a moral after its bacchanalian commencement.

LET'S DRAIN THE GOBLET DRY.

"Can sorrow from the goblet flow." MOORE.

We three have met together,
Though the tempest rages high;
We heed nor wind nor weather—
Let's drain the goblet dry!

While others yield to sorrow,
And heave the ready sigh,
We joy from wine will borrow—
Let's drain the goblet dry!

Why should we give to sadness
The moments as they fly?
I deem it worse than madness—
Let's drain the goblet dry!

Hold!—can you then no anguish
In ruby wine descry?

In pain how many languish,
Who drain the goblet dry!

Think of life's closing hour,
Think how you'll bear to die;
Then, if you have the power,
Let's drain the goblet dry!

Our third extract is the language of love
ere it has ceased to remember.

THE MEETING.

We met, and only met,
Ere doom'd by fate to sever;
But ah! I can forget
That meeting with thee never!
Thy locks of auburn hue,
On wanton zephyrs straying;
Thine eyes of liquid blue,
Where light of soul was playing;
Thy voice, whose dulcet thrill,
Awak'd such sweet emotion,
I seem to hear it still,
Though far upon the ocean;
'Twas these that charm'd me then,
When first and last I met thee;
We may not meet again,
But ne'er can I forget thee.

'Twas evening when we met,
By Arno's rippling billow—
(In dreams I see thee yet
Whene'er I press my pillow:)
It was a lovely night,
The balmy breeze was sighing,
And heaven's sweetest light
On tower and stream was lying:
When in some thicket's shade
His vows the lover's telling,
Like breast of listening maid,
The playful waves were swelling—
We met—and only met
Ere doom'd by fate to sever;
But ah! I can forget
That meeting with thee—never!

With these we must conclude, by welcoming the author to the republic of letters. From the specimens which we have given, it will be evident to our readers, that our praise has not been injudiciously bestowed: we could go on and find faults, and show where amendments might be made, but we are not in the fault-finding humour; we are pleased with the writer, and wish him success in his literary career. His style wants pruning and finishing, but experience will enable him to do both.

A definition of what are generally styled bargains, is, the buying a bad commodity that you don't want, because you can get it cheaper than a good one when you do.

New-York Literary Gazette.

ANOTHER HIT AT THE NOSE.

SIR,

In a previous number, you took the liberty of handling your own nose more unceremoniously, I hope, than you would allow any other person to do, always excepting and reserving that worthy mortal, your barber. With your favor, I will take some liberties with my own *snuff-asylum*. It has never *sneezed* me out of a lady's affections, but it has led me into divers scrapes and quarrels, and has been the primal cause of a tendency to misanthropy in my disposition.

You must know, sir, that my nose has always had an inveterate tendency to curl its nostrils at presumption, vanity, self-importance, and folly. Physiognomists have long since decided that this curl of the nostril is, as Sir Geoffry Hudson says of Sir Geoffry Peveril's 'Psha!'—an expression of slight esteem, nay, of contempt—and contempt is more piercing than a north-easterly wind. Not to dwell on the minor troubles in which my ungovernable nose has involved me, I will pass immediately to that which has most severely injured my comfort and happiness. I was once in company with a conceited coxcomb, who was inflicting the Egyptian plague of his nonsense, upon a circle of ladies, who, to do them justice, bore it with exemplary patience. Although my organs of speech said nothing, my fastidious nose said Psha—the coxcomb, unfortunately for me, understood its language, and the next morning, I was waited upon by a gentleman, who, with all imaginable courtesy, required of me an apology for the insult I had offered his friend, Philip Furnival, Esq. the coxcomb aforesaid. I have a peculiar, although perhaps not a rare notion, that in whatever I may say or do, I am never in the wrong. With much politeness I stated my regret that I could not comply with so reasonable a request, and the friend of Philip Furnival, Esq. desired me to name my friend with whom he might make the necessary arrangements for a *meeting*. In due time we met, and by a most unlucky chance the fellow's bullet, instead of hitting the offending member, astonished my ribs by the abrupt and unceremonious manner in which it took lodgings amongst them, without so

much as saying "By your leave, gentlemen!" I have walked lop-sided ever since; and that form which was once the admiration of the ladies and the embellishment of the ball-room—that form which was once as straight as the Schenectady turnpike, is now as crooked as the Tennessee river. I have been compelled to forswear my favourite recreation, dancing, for which nature gave me a genius, and Monsieur Verbecque, who died a martyr to his art, an education. I only attempted it once after my shooting-match—the pretty Fanny L.—and myself formed the side couple in a cotillion; I stood, of course, on her left, for it is a settled point of etiquette that a gentleman should stand to the left of a lady as well as of a horse. Talking with my partner was out of the question, for by attempting to bring my head in a line with hers, my feet were protruded nearly in the centre of the neighbouring cotillion. By the way, I ought to have remarked previously that before I was complimented with the bullet in my ribs, it was full six feet six inches from the earth to the crown of my head—if the mind be lodged in the head, no one can say that I was not once high-minded—at present, woe worth the change, the upper half of my body inclines as much from a perpendicular to the surface of the earth, as the earth's axis does from a perpendicular to the ecliptical plane. However, sir, not to dwell on the contrast between my *eram* and my *sum*, let us return to the ball-room. It was a long and unusually narrow apartment, with a very low ceiling, which latter circumstance might once have alarmed me, but which at the time formed the least of my apprehensions. The floor was crowded with dancers, and the space allotted to each set did not afford room enough "to swing a cat," although I believe no one actually swung a cat for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of this remark. Well, sir, there we stood, I and Fanny, or rather (to comply with the politeness of grammar) Fanny and I. The man of music, who, according to Ephraim Smooth, "scrapeth the tail of the horse on the bowels of the cat," sat in all the conscious majesty of power, like Timotheus of old "at the feast for Persia won"—that bow, the first sound of which was to set all the gentlemen *bowing*,^{*} was suspended in air like an enchanter's wand, to put us all in

motion by its descent; fifty voluptuous forms were in the attitude of expectation—eyes sparkled; cheeks glowed; toes were pointed; and the language of all was

"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined!"—

If sir, you are an observer of the mutations of fashion, you must have noticed that the old custom of *hands round* in the commencement of a cotillion is now an exploded heresy, it is now antediluvian, and "not to know this argues *one's self* unknown" in the circles of polite life. Our grandfathers and grandmothers followed this custom, but what Goths they were! the latter wore hoops as wide as the tropical circles, and pockets sufficiently capacious to contain the ammunition of Napoleon's army, while the former wore square-toed shoes, and buttons each as big as the shield of Achilles. The joining of hands all round was one of their ridiculous customs. To be sure it is not long since this "remnant of a barbarous age" was dismissed by *us of the ton*, like the remnant of a bottle of claret, for the use of our servants and inferiors. For my own part, I am sorry for it—there was something social, something expressive of good-fellowship and good-will in the custom—it seemed to form *un cordon d'amitié* of all the dancers in the set, and to express a congeniality and sympathy of feeling in all. Why the ladies have dispensed with it I am at a loss to guess, unless it be for the sake of economy in the article of gloves—its disuse is certainly a saving of leather.

You will have perceived, sir, that I am discursive—whatever you may think, I consider this quality one of my greatest merits. I hate the humdrum way of telling a story in a direct straight-forward manner, I hate straight roads, straight jackets, and straight circumstances—I like a note of interrogation more than a note of exclamation—in short, I have hated every thing straight ever since I myself became crooked—and if you call my mannertedious, I have it "in my heart to bestow it all on your worship!" I shall tell my story in my own way, whether you like it or not, and if you refuse to publish it, I shall lampoon you—if you provoke me, you shall find that I have "*scœnum in cor-*

* Quere Has no sagacious lexicographer traced the origin of a *bow* of the body to the *bow* of a fiddle, from the connexion between the words and the actions respectively? I ask, like a certain member of Congress, for information. Printer's Devil.

nu."—Do you understand Latin, Mr. Editor? if not, you are unfit for your station and ought to quit it incontinently—an Editor ought to know every thing and more too, and there is one of your tribe, the great pansophist of Philadelphia, who I am told "has been at a great feast of languages and stolen all the scraps." Why did you not *fish* for an invitation to this feast? Perhaps it may be that you are not fond of *fishing*—neither am I—it is the amusement of a dunce, and we, bless us both! are not dunces!

Return we to the dance. The fiddler has had time enough in all conscience to bring down his bow and to put the bipeds in motion. "Hands round" being out of the fashion and of course out of the question, there was no opportunity for me to confuse the commencement of the cotillion—so the head couples crossed over, balanced, &c. performing all the evolutions of the figure in fine order. At length they finished; and now came our turn to cut a figure, and a pretty figure did I cut! In the first "cross over," I ran my head against the curls of the lady on my left, who did not consider that my body took up much more latitude than longitude, and an Erynnis herself could not have looked more scowlingly upon me, if I had disturbed all the snakes that curled around her temples. However, she was a cross old spinster, and I must say that so far as it concerned her I did not regret the accident. "Cross over, lady and gentleman," cried the master of ceremonies, and the opposite lady and myself started. Our heads were on a level, and as she advanced, she saw the danger of their coming in contact—with much adroitness she dodged and passed under my head in safety. This occasioned some tittering and the spinster whose curls I had previously discomposed, classically compared me to a Roman conqueror, for I had made a fellow-creature pass under the yoke. But I had made up my mind not to be ridiculed from my favourite amusement, so I blundered along until the manager called out "*dos a dos!*"—This evolution is none of the easiest to the best dancer with the most slender and upright form. Motion backwards is unnatural and displeasing in either a man or a horse, and no one can ever perform it gracefully until nature shall see fit to make man a Janus—

no one can step with confidence unless he can see whither he is going. *Backing out* is always disagreeable whether it be from the presence of the king of England, or from a scrape which prudence tells us may create trouble. Between ourselves, sir, I hate Prudence—she is perpetually pulling at the skirts of a man's coat, even if he be on the point of jumping into a river to rescue his fellow from a watery grave—she is for ever closing the hands of charity, and laying stumbling-blocks under the feet of generosity. I must nevertheless allow that had I attended to her advice, I should have been saved some mortification, for she said, casting a sneer at my proportions, "pray don't attempt to dance with that ill-favoured form of yours"—but I returned her sneer with interest, and told her to mind her own business.

"*Dos a dos,*" cried the manager, and forward advanced the opposite lady and myself. It is the practice of surveyors, when measuring land, if a swamp lies directly in their way, to take an offset, and run parallel to the line leading to the point where they are to stop, until they pass the swamp, and then they return to the direct line. Very similar to the surveyor's situation was mine.—Although it was not a *swamp*, but a piece of beautiful *clay*, that intervened between me and my place of beginning. So, after I had advanced and passed the lady on the left to the middle of the cotillion, I made an offset to the right, intending to move *de retour* not by a parallel, but by a gracefully circuitous route. But unfortunately the lady too, as it would seem, understood the art of surveying; ignorant of my manœuvre, and having the fear of my head, not in her eye, unless she could see all the way round the globe, but in her heart, she too made an offset, and as both our evil stars would have it, in the same direction with mine. Consequently, when we thought ourselves at least four feet apart, our heads came violently and unexpectedly in contact—spinning myself around in order to save her from falling, I lost my own balance, and down I went on the floor, where I lay forming two sides of a parallelogram. "*Obstupui—steterunt que comæ*" but alas, not *crura*. Could I have fallen like Cæsar, with dignity, or like Lucifer, never to rise again, I could have borne my misfortune; but alas, there was nothing Cæsarian

in my stumble, and as to never rising again, it was absolutely necessary that I should get out of the way as soon as possible, in order that the dance might proceed. From "my fallen state" I cast a fearful glance on the surrounding faces—the devil of laughter sat grinning on them all. I arose, threw as much hauteur in my air as I could, and abruptly quitted the ball-room, cursing my nose, the primal cause of all my mishaps, and vowing never again to mingle in the dance. And I have kept my vow. It is needless for me to relate how the affair was talked over at all the tea-parties in the country, how I was gizzed and ridiculed, how I was nicknamed the dancing sign-post, and a thousand other things which constitute "the madness of my memory." Suffice it, that the associations of cause and effect from the slight curl of my nostril in the first instance, to the catastrophe that at last made me forswear society, can be as clearly traced as the association of ideas about which metaphysicians have grated so much. And now, Mr. Editor, though I will not tell you my name, I will say thus much, that there is no person living who is as much interested as myself for your health, happiness, and prosperity; and yet there is no man who has done more to injure you in these very particulars. Solve this riddle, my Oedipus, and so, farewell.

PETER PARAGRAPH.

We give the following epistle, word for word, and letter for letter. Whether virtue has any right to *sin*, even in such trifles as orthography and syntax, we pretend not to say. We do think, however, that she would, in this case, be none the worse for using a *spelling book*.

BUFFALO, 9th Dec. 1825.

SIR,
Yr sentiments respecting the opposition to Mr Kean in No 12 N Y L G (1) has determined me to discontinue that paper. Not that I justify the proceedings at the theatre the evening *referred** to but that I disapprove of the course you have taken it is so *Completely** wanting in self respect and indeed of virtue. Kean had been driven from his native country on account of his crimes—he comes to us—out of particular partiality love or respect for American character think you? No—the perfect contempt in which he held the Americans brought him to their country. He, no

doubt, thought he could thrust himself on them and that no one would dare ask Edmund Kean to apologize for his past crimes and former contempt of them. I am glad to find however that he *recond** without his host. The publick had a right to an apology from which they were to judge of his consciousness of crime and of his penitence, for without a *propor** sense of their guilt or error, none can be expected to reform.

Mr K has given to the publick in his card what must be received as an appeal to our better feelings (altho the reader readily perceives the true and real feelings of the author) and ought and I presume will satisfy most persons, therefore with him I am satisfied, but sir, not so with you—And now leave you to those whose "taste and refinement have not been swallowed up in the sink of interested hypocrisy." At any time you may send on your acc it shall be paid.

Your obedt Sert.

(1) NOTE A verb must agree with its nominative in number and person. *Printer's Devil.*

* *Quere.* Would not this writer consent to inspect the proofs of a Dictionary, which we are about to print. *Printer's Devil.*

REMARKS.

We shall not honour this man by giving publicity to his name, nor shall we flatter his vanity by eulogizing his outrageously virtuous disposition. We publish his letter as an admirable specimen of *grammatical* composition, and as containing some *amendments* in spelling, that we recommend to the serious consideration of the learned. As we must beg leave to decline any epistolary correspondence with so classical a writer; we request our agents in Buffalo, Mess. Lazell & Francis, to present him his bill for the Minerva and Literary Gazette for nine months, and to give him a receipt in our behalf; and to inform him that he must send us no more specimens of his belles-lettres talents without paying the postage of his letters. The postmaster will give them the name of the writer. Whatever powers of mind this correspondent has exhibited, he has shown a deficiency in one particular capacity, we mean that of memory; for he unluckily forgot that he had no business to make us pay the postage of his letter—a man who is so virtuous on a large scale, ought not to omit the little every day honesties, amongst which we certainly cannot number the picking of an Editor's pocket, by sending him unpaid letters, contrary to the express stipulations of the terms on which the paper is furnished. It is really too much to send

a man an impertinent letter, and to impose upon him by making him pay the postage besides. A letter comes to an Editor; he cannot tell by the outside whether it is a letter on business or on personal concerns; if he takes it from the office and opens it, he must pay its postage, *as in the present instance*; and thus any man who is little enough to take advantage of an Editor, can do so, *as in the present instance*. We trust those of our friends who are our agents in the country, will not consider these remarks as applying to them; our connexion with them renders it proper that we should pay the postage of letters, both to and from them. We have no allusion to them in complaining of the practice of some subscribers and correspondents. One man, living on the Mississippi river, sends us two sheets of poetry wherein there is not fire enough to warm a spider's claw; another, living on the banks of the Tuguloo, writes us that he has mislaid a number of our paper, and will be under great obligations to us if we will supply the deficiency; a third sends us word that a certain No. has not been received (the fault being with the post offices, for our paper is always regularly mailed) and requests us to forward it. Now, if all our country subscribers were to adopt this course, it would cost us, on an average, \$300 per annum; and although the majority are not guilty of this breach of the terms on which they receive the paper, there are some who make no scruple of indulging in the practice again and again. The actual expense to which they have subjected us, is in itself a trifle, but we do not choose to submit to *imposition* to the value of a farthing.

On looking over the advertisements in the "Buffalo Emporium" we discover that the writer of the foregoing letter, is a vender of Drugs and Medicines; of Anderson's Cough Drops and Pectoral powders, &c. &c. Now, in the same number which contained our correspondent "C's" criticism on Kean, which roused this man's virtuous indignation, there is an article burlesquing the advertisements of infallible remedies, wonderful cures, &c. which are so common in our newspapers. *Queer*. Is there not a possibility that this man's exquisite sense of virtue has been moved to wrath by this said burlesque, quite as much as by our "want of virtue?"

However much "want of self-respect" we may have exhibited in the judgment of this overmuch-righteous letter-writer, we can assure him that little respect as we may have for ourself, we have *less* for him; and we part from him with this advice—before he undertakes to write another letter to any one, let him amend two things, his *manners* and his *spelling*.

CROSS READINGS.

Wanted, a middle aged woman to take care of—the committee on Military affairs.

Death on the Pale Horse—wishes a sitting room, with breakfast, in a genteel part of the city

Lost, on the way to the theatre—the whole population of the third ward.

Wanted, a gentleman to teach the French language to—two hundred gallons of Irish whiskey.

A coloured boy of about 16 years of age, wishes—to be chairman of the committee on Indian affairs.

Strayed or stolen, a few days since—the capital of the Lombard Bank.

Died, yesterday after a short illness—the New-York Sharon Canal company.

The celebrated horse Napoleon—will be appointed one of the ministers to the congress of Panama.

The committee rose, reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on—300 bags of Brazil coffee.

Theatre. This evening will be presented the tragedy of Coriolanus, the part of Coriolanus by—a farm in Westchester county.

Brutal outrage. A gentleman riding on the Harrisburgh turnpike on the night of the 6th inst. was knocked down by—1 pipe of old Port wine.

Mysterious affair. About 12 o'clock last evening the inhabitants of Grand-street, were alarmed by cries of murder! murder! on examination it was found the cries came from—200 boxes of soft shelled almonds.

Wanted, a nurse for—4 casks of Raspberry Brandy.

TIME'S SPECTACLES.

"Quidquid agunt homines." *Juvenal*.

A woman in Boston, who killed another woman by beating her with a pair of tongs,

has been indicted for *manslaughter*. The law recognises no such crime as *woman-slaughter*, probably from a gallant notion that beauty, as it makes the lion quail, is proof, as Anacreon says, "αὐτὴ ἐγχεῖν ἀπ' αὐτῶν;" not though it be proof against spears, it seems that it is none against tongs.—In New-Hampshire, a boy has been sentenced to four years imprisonment for stealing a tinder-box and a pair of gloves; this lad pays pretty dear for attempting to procure light in his darkness, and to keep his hands clean.—A man in Pennsylvania advertises that he has taken up a stray cow: 'she is,' says he, 'such an infernal cross creature, that no one can milk her; *Therefore*' continues he, 'the owner is requested to take her away.' Are we to conclude from his "*Therefore*," that had she been less of a Katharine to her temper, the advertiser would not have called for her *Petruchio*?—A great man in the west has lately made a speech, in which he announces the following discovery. "Human nature is restless, and man, as he ever has been, is ambitious." This discovery is about as novel, as the discovery that man carries his head above his shoulders, would be.—The *Baltic sea* is sinking at the rate of four feet in a century; this is by no means so rapid as the sinking of certain *banks* not very far from a greater sea.—The town of Martinsville, in Virginia, says a Richmond paper, contains a Court House, an office, a few other houses and some individual inhabitants, but *not a single woman*! What a *silent town* it must be! but, we must confess that it is a sort of silence which we should by no means relish. It is a most unpoetical, unsentimental, humdrum sort of a town.—Our government has no Minister at Constantinople, in consequence of which our commerce in that quarter, suffers. The objection to sending a minister, is said to arise from the preliminary necessity of sending magnificent presents, on which the Sublime Porte insists. If the Porte continue their demand, let us send them a few thousand balls, which, presented by the cannon of our navy, will be quite as magnificent as they may desire. Such presents have a wonderful effect in conciliating those who receive them.

Correction.—In the article on Gen. Hamilton, &c. in our last number, a line was

omitted. In the last sentence but one after these words: "the outlines of the numbers," add, "which were attributed to Mr. M. individually," &c.

Gen. Barton.—This veteran of the Revolution, the captor of Prescott, after lingering for years in a prison in Vermont, separated from his family and cut off from active life by merciless and inhuman justice (she is represented as deprived of sight, why not also, as deprived of feeling?) has at last been restored to his freedom and his family. And by whom? by his grateful country? No—by an American individual then,—whose generosity could not endure the sight of a hero in chains? No—but by *Lafayette*! Does not this noble action, for such it is, carry the most cutting reproach to America and Americans?

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

COLD WEATHER.

"Sub Jove frigido"

Cold weather has come at last, and the wary citizen, as he thrusts his goodly nose beyond the precincts of his threshold, finds Jack Frost ready with his icy nippers to give it a pinch. Now the snow crackles beneath our feet like the laughter of fools. Now our dilated and extended nostril admits the air into the very penetralia of the brain; and so far from agreeing with the philosophical maxim, that "there is no such thing as cold," we begin to think it visible and tangible. Now, albeit unused to the melting mood, the hardest hearted villain walks the streets with tears in his eyes. Now the stage-driver cracks into the city with four smoking steeds, like a moving volcano, and with a frozen nose claps his mittened hand against his great coated thigh, and wonders how a Russian postillion can keep himself warm. Now socks, mantles, great-coats and cloaks, of various patterns and fashions, are fished up from the bowels of old chests. Now the dandy shuffles along the slippery pavement and strives to comfort himself with the beauty of his light drab and pearl buttons, since he cannot with its warmth. Now we sympathise with high steeples and slate roofs, the former looking naked and solitary, and the latter fairly blue with the cold. Now he who with his ungloved hand unwittingly touches cold iron, feels a prickling surpassing need!

Now the idea of silk stockings and pumps is disagreeable to the imagination, and white pantaloons are things not to be thought of. Now the most sceptical mythologist is convinced that the nectar of the gods was neither more nor less than hot whiskey punch. Now pine wood and Liverpool coal, piles of blankets, and heaps of woollen stockings, drawers of flannel and flannel drawers, are things delectable to the eye. Now he who flattens his nose against a frosty pane and looks into the street, will see dignified individuals beyond their grand climacteric, passing at a slow trot, urged by dire necessity to unwonted speed. Now a great many outlandish things come into notice and remembrance, which are forgotten the rest of the year, such as queer looking caps, sausages, and country members of the Legislature. Now fashion resumes her throne in the metropolis, after a summer campaign at the various watering places, and confectioners, fiddlers, and waiters chuckle at "the prospect before them." Now bank applicants begin to put forth their claims, and lobby members inspect their respective wardrobes previous to the winter session. Now foot stoves are brought into church for the use of the ladies, and sundry noises of coughing, sneezing, and the trumpeting of noses disturb the voice of the preacher. And now the author chilled by the coldness of his subject, drops his pen from his stiffened fingers, and begs to take leave of his readers.

Albany, Dec.

V.

For the Literary Gazette.

IMPROMPTU

Written in a sick friend's Album.

They told me that thy head was on its pillow
Languid - and that thy cheek of snowy whiteness
Was tinged by the foreboding fires which raged
In all thy veins, and urged the flood of life
Like a disordered tide, through every channel.
— They told me that the eye which beam'd so mild
When late I saw thee, had put on a deadness
Glassy and fearful; that it roll'd unconscious
Beneath thy wakeful eyelids.

Friends did fear
A gem would soon be shaken from their crown.
I heard the tale, and linger'd near thy mansion.
Spending some thoughts on thee, and thine affliction.
I saw the door stand silent on its hinges,
Barred against all admission, and I hop'd
And pray'd that death might not remove that gem.
Shouldst thou be rais'd from off the languid couch
And breathe again the air which mortals breathe,
In all the bliss of health, and that mild eye
Should glance upon thy long forgotten Album,
Ask not what friend recorded on this page
Unask'd, unthought of, these few hasty lines—
But give a hymn of praise to Him, who call'd
— out from death, and wip'd away the tears
— from many wakeful eyes.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Agricola of Tacitus.—Chap. VI.

Hinc ad capessendos magistratus in urbem digressus, Domitiam Decidianam, splendidis natalibus ortam, sibi junxit: idque matrimonium ad majora nitenti decus ac robur fuit: *vixeruntque mirâ concordia, per mutua caritatem et invicem se anteposendo; nisi quod in bonâ uxore tantô major laus quanto in mala plus culpæ est.*

This passage is a striking example of the elliptical manner of Tacitus's style, and affords ample proof, that, in reading his works, we must frequently guess at, rather than hope to ascertain his meaning. In the former part of the sentence, he informs us that Agricola and Decidiana lived in wonderful harmony with each other, and ascribes that domestic comfort to their reciprocal deference; and thus bestows equal praise upon both the husband and wife. But in the latter clause he loses sight, as it were, for a moment, of the subject in hand, and qualifying the expression which represents both as equally meritorious, throws in a general remark, that in every case of this kind the wife is vested with more power than the husband, either of promoting the peace and happiness of a family, or of producing its discord and misery; in short, that in the home department the wife may be considered as commander-in-chief. Whether this sentiment of Tacitus, philosophically considered, be rigidly accurate or not, is not I conceive, the subject with which we have at present to do; but, since this is the uniform reading of the manuscripts, let us endeavour to find out the just interpretation of the words, as they have come down to us. Believing, then, that these are the words which came from the pen of Tacitus, and that the sentiment conveyed by them is worthy of that philosophic writer, I would translate the passage thus: "Agricola and Decidiana lived in wonderful harmony with each other, in consequence of their mutual deference; it may be said, however, (that when both the husband and wife are good,) her merit is as much superior to that of the husband, as (when both are bad) her demerit is greater than his."

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